

# IRL IRL 001

you are the best  
you are so smart  
if something feels wrong  
it is wrong  
feelings matter  
love you



make sure to listen to other people  
but listen to yourself too  
make space for the experiences of others  
but pay attention to when they are unwilling to do the same for you in return  
it matters  
bc you matter  
and you deserve to be treated with care

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2019





**in defense of 3rr0r**  
**a neuroqueer manifesto**

The ideological imperative of the information age demands 200% efficiency, a "logic of maximum performance". The image loads or not. an error report is sent if the negative variable is true. a binary choice of function/dysfunction.

<<<WE MUST SUPPRESS ALL COSTS OF THE FAILURE TO COMMUNICATE>>>

We live in the AGE OF SOCIAL MEDIA. Content as capital (capital as content) is generated through usership. The Company <sup>TM</sup> provides only the initial investment into the platform and then they watch as the profits roll in from target marketing deals. [Blessing be to <<Cambridge Analytica>> the transnational market of personal data.] This market demands dependable transmission. Functioning WIFI towers, the satellite network invisible overhead, a legible #hashtagable flow of information. "The violence of information is the violence of silencing or making speak that which cannot communicate". SAY SOMETHING BUT NOT THAT. A mutually beneficial relationship between network flows and a state/corporate censorship apparatus. When an error does appear, it must be contained by the system. Captured in an error message or NULLIFIED. Network efficiently must be maintained at all costs. We eliminate all false, slow, useless movements, replace them with the quickest and best movements. A society ruled by the power of SIX SIGMA: MAXIMIZE ANY ACTION AS PROCESS. The deviant is welcomed as long as it remains efficient in its deviancy <maximum acceptable defects> by providing the stream of content that the algorithm desires. The algorithm NEEDS content. It is hungry, starving, useless in the face it's want. Like human bodies need water, air...the biotic requirements made virtual. What fails to communicate (fails to be controlled (censored or corrected or destroyed)) is "cast aside as abject".

Error's "abject information and aberrant signal" may "signal a potential for a strategy of misdirection, one that invokes a logic of control to create an opening for variance, play, and unintended outcomes. Error, as errant heading, suggests ways in which failure, glitch, and miscommunication provide creative openings and lines of flight that allow for a reconceptualization of what can or cannot be realized within existing social and cultural practices" (Mark Nunes, *Error: glitch, noise, and jam in new media cultures*, 2011).

{{{i find a long quote when my language process part of the brain refuses to generate original content. The dissociative power of neurological error stops me in my tracks; the train's derailed and i have to find my footing, carve the path back to the thought i am trying to complete. my brain gives way to the distractions of nonefficiency as i attempt to get down the thoughts streaming through the grey matter. one appears, pops in existences only to just as quickly evaporate into peptides and electron transfers. I search the network, a rhizomatic tangle of peer2peer files dumps full of pilfered pdfs, snuck into the daylight, liberated from the chains of institutional catalogues. Like, subscribe, share, and repost. I find a way to speak through the glitches and pops, crackles, jams of the neurobiological computer i carry in my skull. Where am I now? a new place? Deleuze (fuck me, right?) talked about deviations from the unexpected in his text *Difference and Repetition*. Deviation, is a "wandering...any misadventure in thought". Maybe error is not just a breakage, a failure, the refusal to work efficiently. It is a path in its own right. Maybe error is the going astray which can challenge the purposive intent of the network. Error is the material from which possibilities emerge. One cannot achieve poesies but through the noise of network error.}}}}

>>>>>ERROR IS A FORM OF ASYSTEMIC  
RESISTANCE<<<<<<

The human body is scandalously indecent in the age of network efficiency. Sickness, affective responses, and death are the antithesis to the eternal splendor of the efficient digital system. The ERROR exists as a model for the anti-systemic life. <BE THE GLITCH YOU WANT TO SEE IN THE NETWORK.> *"Error in its excesses and its failures, signals a real, yet virtual locus for social and cultural interventions"*. Failure as an aesthetic has been discussed by many scholars from Kim Cascone, Jack Halbrastom, and Jose Estaban Munoz. To embrace failure is an inherently queer practice. ERROR AND NOISE are counterprotocological practices, avenues for alternative expression. The equivocation of the text, of a signal, of a symbol, of a body is met with its desire to actualize in either/or ways through the error/glitch/noise. These errors on contagious. Memetic. They spread throughout the network, finding exploits and cracks in the code. It is the breakdown of the system which can allow the space for new connections to be processed.

Error is the "potential of potentials" as McKenzie Wark claims; the space between what is communicated and all possible meanings. Glitches, hacks, jams, errors of all sorts exceed programmatic control. They crack open the gaps between the 1's and 0's. The error is seductive because it dismantles our intentions. It interrupts our goals, our objectives. It draws us into the unforeseen. It asks us to step inside the abject, the unfinished, the broken, the inefficient, the misunderstood, the virus-ridden, the disintegrating forms of virtual/ physical/ metaphysical space and move toward the unknown. What do we learn when things don't go our way? What new ways of being become visible? What is on the other side of a glitch??

# ON



ARE YOU HONEST WITH YOURSELF?  
WITH OTHERS?

THIS CANNOT BE LIKED

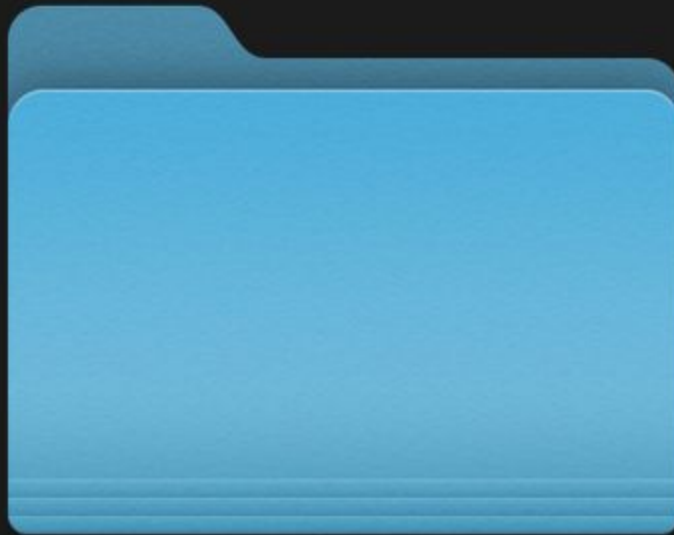


# OFF



HOW OFTEN?  
HOW ARE YOU?

THIS CANNOT BE LINKED



trans

Folder - 25.64 GB

Tags [Add Tags...](#)

Created Today, 4:50 PM

Modified Today, 4:51 PM

Last opened Today, 4:52 PM



More...





**!close your eyes & retreat**

I have a tendency to exaggerate.

I get your texts and feel a little lighter. I know it is a small thing. But it helps.

The girl was not the point, I say to myself and only to me.

But sometimes still I sob at night, stay up too late

because of her.

All my crushes have torpedoed but my love remains intact.

I am crazy

but in the dark I sparkle, glitter everywhere, midnight stars on fuzzy blankets;

always hearing no

when i've said yes.





IRL 250x





physical digital barricade







cleaned up or covered up?











that feeling's gone  
that burning flame  
the one that tricked me time again  
that drove me wild  
with grit and pain  
that made me change  
my town and name  
i'm not hungry  
anymore

stop

go

now i feel like myself  
more than ever before

**GOURMET DELI**

i always thought that i would die if i didn't have you by my side  
but i've changed my mind

Has anyone who's ever rejected me given me the grace of using their actual words? I think my ex maybe (thank you for that at least).

I'm gonna lose my mind but not really. I just want to know what else I could be focusing on.

2015 - i arranged 100 pills into a heart shape, sunlight falling. My roommate banged on the locked door 5 swallows in and that was that. I went to CVS. I went to dinner with a friend. I walked in the opposite direction of my house and eventually called an ambulance.

At the hospital the needle wouldn't draw blood; big bruise. I cried all night. Staying still does get embarrassing once you've been doing it for long enough.

I'll never know who you were or why you chose me, pulled myself by the hair to keep away from you. At least it was a useful skill to learn.









I'm so happy that we're friends  
You and me



not all traps look this good







Social media norms of logging in, liking posts, and endlessly scrolling while handing over our data to private corporations have grown habitual. IRL issues remain intact RE: [the police state](#), white supremacy, [data breaching \(privacy\)](#) & [climate collapse](#) re: the planet...

The archives are located in physical rooms often filled with server racks that are being liquid cooled 24/7, not “on” the world wide web.

**IRL IRL** is looking for less anxiety inducing or habit forming methods of sharing ideas and communicating amongst ourselves & with 'the public'. Contributions/contributors will be anonymous unless preferred otherwise - images as well as text are welcome. Think of this as your IRL DM/Timeline.